



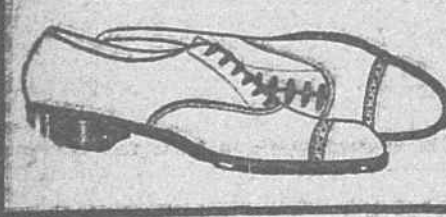
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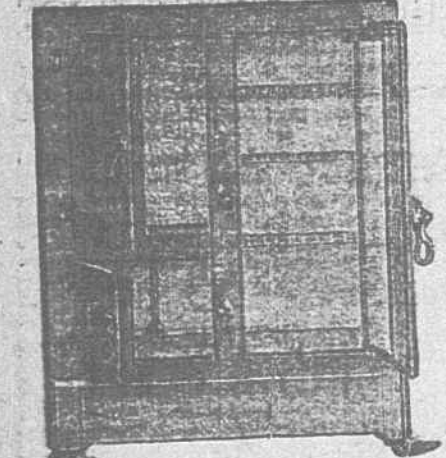
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## The Story of Waitstill Baxter

By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

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(Continued from yesterday.)

It did not do any good to say: "Yes, mother, but the mayflowers have bloomed ten times since father went



"I've been looking out more than usual this afternoon."

away." He had tried that, gently and persistently when first her mind began to be confused, from long grief and hurt love, stricken pride and sick suspense.

Instead of that Ivory turned the subject cheerily, saying, "Well, we're sure of a good season, I think. There's been a grand snowfall and that, they say, is the poor man's manure. Rod and I will put in more corn and potatoes this year. I shan't have to work single handed very long, for he is growing to be quite a farmer."

"Your father was very fond of green corn, but he never cared for potatoes," Mrs. Boynton said, vaguely, taking up her knitting. "I always had great pride in my cooking, but I could never get your father to relish my potatoes."

"Well, his son does, anyway," Ivory replied, helping himself plentifully from a dish that held one of his mother's best concoctions, potatoes minced fine and put together into the spider with thin bits of pork and all browned together.

"I saw the Baxter girls today, mother," he continued not because he hoped she would give any heed to what he said, but from the sheer longing for companionship. "The deacon drove off with Lawyer Wilson, who wanted him to give testimony in some case or other down in Milltown. The minute Patty saw him going up Saco hill she hurried the old starved Baxter mare, and the girls started over to the Lower Corner to see some friends. It seems it's Patty's birthday, and they were celebrating. I met them just as they were coming back and helped them lift the rickety wagon out of the mud. They were stuck in it up to the hubs of the wheels. I advised them to walk up the Town House hill if they ever expected to get the horse home."

"Town House hill!" said Ivory's mother, dropping her knitting. "That was where we had such wonderful meetings. Truly the Lord was present in our midst. And oh, Ivory, the visions we saw in that place when Jacob Cochrane first unfolded his gospel to us! Was ever such a man!"

"Probably not, mother," remarked Ivory dryly.

"You were speaking of the Baxters. I remember their home and the little girl who used to stand in the gateway and watch when we came out of meeting. There was a baby too. Isn't there a Baxter baby, Ivory?"

"She didn't stay a baby. She is seventeen years old today, mother."

"You surprise me, but children do grow very fast. She had a strange name, but I cannot recall it."

"Her name is Patience, but nobody but her father calls her anything but Patty, which suits her much better."

"No, the name wasn't Patience, not the one I mean."

"The older sister is Waitstill. Perhaps you mean her." And Ivory sat down by the fire, with his book and his pipe.

"Waitstill! Waitstill! That is it! Such a beautiful name!"

"She's a beautiful girl."

"Waitstill! They also serve who only stand and wait." Wait, I say, on the Lord and he will give thee the desires of thy heart. Those were wonderful days, when we were caught up out of the body and mingled freely in the spirit world." Mrs. Boynton was now fully started on the topic that absorbed her mind, and Ivory could do nothing but let her tell the story that she had told him a hundred times.

"I remember when first we heard Jacob Cochrane speak." (This was her usual way of beginning.) "Your father was a preacher, as you know, Ivory, but you will never know what a wonderful preacher he was. My grandfather, being a fine gentleman and a governor, would not give his consent to my marriage, but I never regretted it, never! Your father saw Elder Cochrane at a revival meeting in the Free

Will Baptists in Clarksburg and was much impressed with him. A few days later he went to the funeral of a child in the same neighborhood. No one who was there could ever forget it. The minister had made his long prayer when a man suddenly entered the room, came toward the coffin and placed his hand on the child's forehead. The room in an instant was as still as the death that had called us to gather. The stranger was tall and of commanding presence; his eyes pierced our very hearts, and his marvelous voice penetrated to depths in our souls that had never been reached before."

"Was he a better speaker than my father?" asked Ivory, who drenched his mother's hours of complete silence even more than her periods of reminiscence.

"He spoke as if the Lord of Hosts had given him inspiration; as if the angels were pouring words into his mouth just for him to utter," replied Mrs. Boynton. "Your father was spell-bound, and I only less so. When he ceased speaking the child's mother crossed the room and, swooning to and fro, fell at his feet sobbing and wailing and imploring God to give her sins. They carried her upstairs, and when we looked about after the confusion and excitement the stranger had vanished. But we found him again. As Elder Cochrane said: 'The prophet of the Lord can never be hid; no darkness is thick enough to cover him.' There was a six weeks' revival meeting in North Saco, where 300 souls were converted, and your father and I were among them. We had fancied ourselves true believers for years, but Jacob Cochrane unstopped our ears so that we could hear the truths revealed to him by the Almighty! It was all so simple and easy at the beginning, but it grew hard and grievous afterward: hard to keep the path, I mean. I never quite knew whether God was angry with me for backsliding at the end, but I could not always accept the revelations that Elder Cochrane and your father had!"

Lots Boynton's hands were now quietly folded over the knitting that lay forgotten in her lap, but her low, thrilling voice had a note in it that did not belong wholly to earth.

There was a long silence; one of many long silences at the Boynton fireside, broken only by the ticking of the clock, the purring of the cat and the clicking of Mrs. Boynton's needles, as, her paroxysm of reminiscence over, she knitted ceaselessly, with her eyes on the window or the door.

"It's about time for Rod to be coming back, isn't it?" asked Ivory.

"He ought to be here soon, but perhaps he is gone for good. It may be that he thinks he has made us a long enough visit. I don't know whether your father will like the boy when he comes home. He never did fancy company in the house."

Ivory looked up in astonishment from his Greek grammar. This was an entirely new turn of his mother's mind. Often when she was more than usually confused he would try to clear the cobwebs from her brain by gently questioning her until she brought herself back to a clearer understanding of her own thought. Thus far her recollections had never made her unjust to any human creature. She was uniformly sweet and gentle in speech and demeanor.

"Why do you talk of Rod's visiting us when he is one of the family?" Ivory asked quietly.

"Is he one of the family? I didn't know it," replied his mother absently.

"Look at me, mother, straight in the eye. That's right. Now listen, dear, to what I say."

Mrs. Boynton's hair, that had been in her youth like an aureole of corn silk, was now a strange yellow white, and her blue eyes looked out from her pale face with a helpless appeal.

"You and I were living alone here after father went away," Ivory began. "I was a little boy, you know. You and father had saved something, there was the farm, you worked like a slave, I helped, and we lived somehow, do you remember?"

"I do indeed. It was cold, and the neighbors were cruel. Jacob Cochrane had gone away, and his disciples were not always true to him. When the magnesian true to him. When the magnesian they could not follow all his revelations, and they forgot how he had awakened their spiritual life at the first of his preaching. Your father was always a staunch believer, but when he started on his mission and went to Parsonsfield to help Elder Cochrane in his meetings the neighbors began to criticize him. They doubted him. You were too young to realize it, but I did, and it almost broke my heart."

"I was nearly twelve years old. Do you think I escaped all the gossip, mother?"

"You never spoke of it to me, Ivory."

"No, there is much that I never spoke of to you, mother, but some time when you grow stronger and your memory is better we will talk together. Do you remember the winter, long after father went away, that Parson Lane sent us to Fairfield academy to get enough Greek and Latin to make me a school-master?"

"Yes," she answered uncertainly.

"Don't you remember I got a free ride downriver one Friday and came home for Sunday, just to surprise you? And when I got here I found you ill in bed, with Mrs. Mason and Dr. Perry taking care of you. You could not speak, you were so ill, but they told me you had been up in New Hampshire to see your sister, that she had died, and that you had brought back her boy, who was only four years old. That was with me that night, poor, sick little fellow, and as you know, mother he's never left us since."

"I didn't remember I had a sister. Is she dead, Ivory?" asked Mrs. Boynton vaguely.

"If she were not dead do you suppose you would have kept Rodman with us when we hadn't bread enough for our own two mouths, mother?" questioned Ivory patiently.

"Germany makes much use of the slag from its blast-furnaces."

"No, of course not. I can't think how I can be so forgetful. It's worse sometimes than others. It's worse today because I knew the mayflowers were blooming, and that reminded me it was time for your father to come home. You must forgive me, dear, and will you excuse me if I sit in the kitchen awhile? The window by the side door looks out toward the road, and if I put a candle on the sill it shines quite a distance. The lane is such a long one, and your father was always a sad stumbler in the dark! I shouldn't like him to think I wasn't looking for him when he's been gone since January."

Ivory's pipe went out, and his book slipped from his knee unnoted.

His mother was more confused than usual, but she always was when spring came to remind her of her husband's promise. Somehow, well used as he was to her mental wanderings, they made him uneasy tonight. His father had left home on a fancied mission, a duty he believed to be a revelation given by God through Jacob Cochrane. The farm did not miss him much at first. Ivory reflected bitterly, for since his father's espousal of Cochrane's his father's interest in such mundane matters as household expenses had diminished month by month until they had no meaning for him at all. Letters to and from his father came first, but after six months, during which he had written from many places, continually deferring the date of his return, they had ceased altogether. The rest was silence. Rumors of his presence here or there came from time to time, but though Parson Lane and Dr. Perry did their best, none of them were ever substantiated.

Where had those years of wandering been passed, and had they all been given even to an imaginary and fantastic service of God? Was his father dead? If he were alive, what could keep him from writing? Nothing but a very strong reason or a very wrong one, so his son thought at times.

Since Ivory had grown to man's estate he understood that in the later days of Cochrane's preaching his "visions," "inspirations" and "revelations" concerning the marriage bond were a trifling starting point from the old fashioned, orthodox point of view. His most advanced disciples were to hold themselves in readiness to renounce their former vows and seek "spiritual consorts," sometimes according to his advice sometimes as their inclinations prompted.

Had Aaron Boynton forsaken willingly the wife of his youth, the mother of his boy? If so he must have realized to what straits he was subjecting them. Ivory had not forgotten those first few years of grinding poverty, anxiety and suspense. His mother's mind had stood the strain bravely, but it gave way at last; not, however, until that fatal winter journey to New Hampshire, when cold, exposure and fatigue did their worst for her weak body. Religious enthusiasm, excited and impressionable, a natural mystic, she had probably always been, far more so in temperament, indeed, than her husband; but, although she left home to that journey a frail and heart-sick woman, she returned a different creature altogether, blurred and confused in mind, with clouded memory and irrational fancies.

She must have given up hope just then, Ivory thought, and her love was so deep that when it was uprooted the soft came with it. Now hope had returned because the cruel memory had faded altogether. She sat by the kitchen window in gentle expectation, watching, always watching.

And this is the way many of Ivory Boynton's evenings were spent, while the heart of him, the five-and-twenty-year-old heart of him, was longing to feel the beat of another heart, a girl's heart only a mile or more away. The ice in Saco water had broken up and the white blocks sailed majestically down toward the sea. Sap was mounting and the elm trees were budding; the trailing arbutus was blossoming in the woods; the robins had come—everything was announcing the spring, yet Ivory saw no changing seasons in his future, nothing but winter, eternal winter there!

CHAPTER IV.  
Patience and Impatience.

PATIENCE had been searching for eggs in the barn chamber and, coming down the ladder from the haymow, spied her father washing the shed door. By the wellside near the shed door, Cephas Cole kept store for him at meal hours and when-soever trade was unusually brisk, and the Baxter yard was so happily situated that Old Ford could watch both house and stock.

There never was a good time to ask Deacon Baxter a favor, therefore this moment would serve as well as any other; so, approaching him near enough to be heard through the rubbing and splashing, but no nearer than was necessary, Patty said:

"Father, can I go up to Ellen Wilson's this afternoon and stay for tea? I won't start till I've done a good day's work, and I'll come home early."

"What do you want to go gallivanting to the neighbors for? I never saw anything like the girls nowadays—highly tight, jaunty, trilling, trifling trollops, every one of 'em, that's what they are, and Ellen Wilson's one of the triflingest. You're old enough now to stay to home where you belong and make an effort to earn your board and clothes, which you can't, even if you try."

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"Don't answer me back!"

spunk, real Sharon pure spunk, started somewhere in Patty and coarsed through her blood like wine.

"If a girl's old enough to stay at home and work I should think she was old enough to go out and play once in awhile." Patty was still too timid to make this remark more than a courteous suggestion, so far as its tone was concerned.

"Don't answer me back! You're full of new tricks, and you've got to stop 'em right where you are or there'll be trouble. You were whistling just now up in the barn chamber. That's one of the things I won't have around my premises—a whistling girl!"

"I was a Sabbath school hymn that I was whistling." This with a creditable imitation of defiance.

"That don't make it any better. Sing your hymns if you must make a noise while you're working."

"It's the same mouth that makes the whistle and sings the song, so I don't see why one's any wickeder than the other."

"You don't have to see," replied the deacon grimly. "All you have to do is to mind when you're spoken to. Now run 'long 'bout your work."

"Can't I go up to Ellen's, then?"

"What's goin' on up there?"

"Just a frolic. There's always a good time at Ellen's and I would so like the sight of a big rich house now and then!"

"Just a frolic!" Land o' Goshen, hear the girl! Sight of a big, rich house, indeed! Will there be any boys at the party?"

"I suppose so, or 'twouldn't be a frolic," said Patty, with awful daring, "but there won't be many—only a few of Mark's friends."

"Well, there ain't goin' to be no more argy-bargy. I won't have any girl o' mine trolloping with boys, so that's the end of it. You're kind o' crazy lately, riggin' yourself out with ribbons here and a flower there and pullin' your hair down over your ears. Why do you want to cover your ears up? What are they for?"

"To hear you with, father," Patty replied, with honey sweet voice and eyes that blazed.

"Well, I hope they'll never hear anything worse," replied her father, flinging a bucket of water over the last of the wagon wheels.

"They couldn't!" These words were never spoken aloud; but, oh, how Patty longed to shout them with a clarion voice as she walked away in perfect silence, her majestic gait showing, she hoped, how she resented the outcome of the interview.

"I've stood up to father!" she exclaimed triumphantly as she entered the kitchen and set down her yellow bowl of eggs on the table. "I stood up to him and answered him back three times!"

Waitstill was busy with her Saturday morning cooking, but she turned in alarm.

"Patty, what have you said and done? Tell me quickly!"

"I argued," but it didn't do any good. He won't let me go to Ellen's party."

Waitstill wiped her floury hands and put them on her sister's shoulders.

"Hear what I say, Patty. You must not argue with father, whatever he says. We don't love him and so there isn't the right respect in our hearts, but at least there can be respect in our manners."

"I don't believe I can go on for years holding in, Waitstill!" Patty whimpered.

"Yes, you can, I have!"

"You're different, Waitstill!"

"I wasn't so different at sixteen, but that's five years ago, and I've got control of my tongue and my temper since then. Sometime, perhaps, when I have a grievance too great to be rightly borne, sometime when you are away from here in a home of your own, I shall speak out to father, just empty my heart of all the disappointment and bitterness and rebellion. Somebody ought to tell him the truth and perhaps it will be me!"

Waitstill bent over the girl as she flung herself down beside the table and smoothed her shoulder gently.

"There, there, dear! It isn't like my gay little sister to cry. What is the matter with you today, Patty?"

(To be continued.)

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## LYNCH'S

### New Jersey Tennis Club's President Insisted Club "Go to Church," and It Did

NORTHERN New Jersey is doing great work in the GO TO CHURCH movement.

Thirty-seven churches from Ridgefield to Chester, in that state, collaborated in a plan to get the lazybones out to worship on the Sabbath. Pastor Cooper of the Cresskill Congregational church broke all records as the result of his forceful GO TO CHURCH campaign. He prepared a sermon that especially appealed to the people in his section, where he plays tennis on summer days and where he is greatly liked despite the fact that the members of the tennis club generally only go to church when somebody gets married or somebody's new baby is christened.

Of course Mr. Cooper doesn't play tennis Sunday. But his congregation is composed mostly of commuters, and Sunday is their only day of recreation. They say they have just got to play tennis then. The pastor received help from an unexpected source. Jack Young, a big Scotchman, is president of the tennis club and director of the choral society. He delivered himself thus:

"AS PRESIDENT OF THE TENNIS CLUB AND DIRECTOR OF THE CHORAL SOCIETY I CALL ON ALL MEMBERS TO BE UP AND SHAVED EARLY NEXT SABBATH. THOSE IN THE HABIT OF SHOVELING COAL, CUTTING WOOD, PATCHING UP HEN HOUSES OR PLAYING ON THE SABBATH DAY SHOULD ABANDON THESE EFFORTS THIS TIME. BROTHER COOPER IS TOO GOOD A TENNIS PLAYER TO LACK SUPPORT IN ANY SUCH MOVEMENT AS THIS. THE TENNIS CLUB AND THE CHORAL SOCIETY WILL BE THERE IN THE FRONT Pews AND WITH BOILED SHIRTS ON NEXT SUNDAY OR I'LL RESIGN."

There was a great turnout. The church was crowded. More Jack Youngs are wanted. Do your part in helping this great movement.

GO TO CHURCH next Sunday!  
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